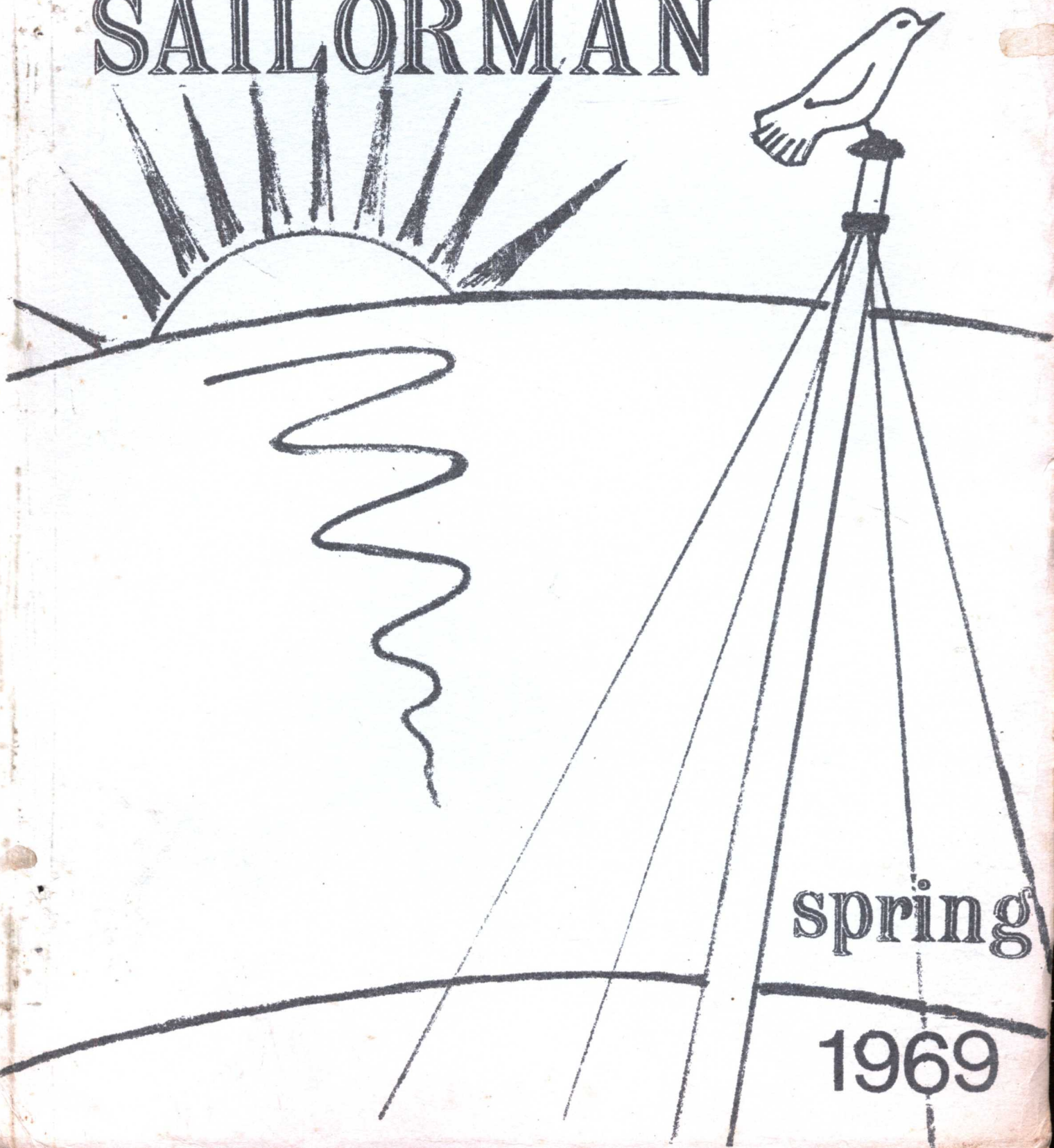
No. 4

THE SAILORMAN



spring

1969

Well, here is your first "Sailorman" of 1969. As the new editor of the magazine I hope it meets with your approval.

My job in this editorial is really to impress one fact on you. This is your magazine, and it will be as good as you make it. I would like to hear from all of you - not only about your experiences while building and sailing your Polynesian Catamarans(though these will be welcome) but also on the general subject of multihulls and their development. Anything that you read or hear about in your area that you think would be of interest to the rest of the association. As you can see, there has been no shortage of articles submitted for this issue, but lets have plenty more from all of you. And not only full length articles, small items of news and information will be very welcome as well.

How about it? Everyone of you has something to tell us. Before you know where you are, "Sailorman" will expand into a force to be reckoned with in the seafaring world. Does this sound too much like a pipe-dream? I hope not. Its up to you.

We are also looking for talent of another kind among members of the association. We want some first class covers for "Sailorman", and feel the best thing is once again to ask all of you to contribute your ideas. We know there must be plenty among you who could do the job well - please try!
Any design must be drawn in black pen - the Japanese make of fibre-tip pen called a 'Pentel Pen' is ideal for printing.

Finally, thanks to Miss Fionnuala MacDowell for her help in compiling this issue. She nominated me for editor at the Association meeting and has probably been regretting it ever since, as the greater part of the work so far has fallen to her lot. Thanks also to Mr. Roger Pierce whose extremely

kind offer to print "Sailorman" solved a large problem for us. Last but not least, I must thank all the contributers to this issue. The response to requests for articles was very good, which made our job much easier than it would otherwise have been.

I am now off round the dock to "Tehini". In the present precious days of summer sunshine, decking is really getting under way. It only remains for me to say, I hope you enjoy the following pages, and - over to you.

Lesley Scrutton.

N.B. Please send future material to the Secretary of the Association, Mrs. Pat Stewart, 55 Seal Rd., Bramhall, Cheshire, ENGLAND.

SEA SHORE

Hissing badly poured Guinness froth bordered beach

I walk along your soggy sand

And I watch the waves come pouring in

Lifting high at the shelf - clean cut, smooth scalloped underside

Arching - poised in mid-air

Then over pulled down in a glorious union of sound and whiteness

all-a-bubble.

And then - rebuffed

They amble up the sand and roll back to the sea

Scouring sands - crookedly

And leaving a line of dirt at their uttermost

Like lip-fringe of lollipop eating boy.

B. J. Fenton - De la Ney

BY HINA TO THE LAND OF DAI AND GWEN

It was Tangaroa's size and accommodation that first lured me to the fold of the Polynesians. I was looking for a dreamship large enough to suit my family of three, and of low enough cost to suit my pocket. My worn out Lifeboat conversion, which had been regularly called upon to carry us the length and breadth of the Irish Sea during holidays and summer week-ends, was beginning to cost the earth in upkeep, and I had reluctantly accepted a not ungenerous offer from a fresh-water sailor on the Shannon. Janet (my first mate in more ways than one) also felt attracted to the then unfamiliar lines of the Polynesian Catamaran.

Being cautious and sceptical by nature I decided to first try out a smaller version of the polynesian, i.e. the HINA, in order to assess the sea worthiness and general characteristics of the species. The fact that I found myself almost facing divorce proceedings indicates the amount of midnight oil consumed, but from receipt of the drawings in June '66 the launching took place during the first week of September, the same summer. The entire Irish Catamaran Association turned out to help, and I still recall with anguish the memory of each hull being humped, at shoulder height by that small but dedicated band, over neighbour's hedges, gardens and finally over a 5' wall surmounted by a barbed wire fence - I try to forget how I cringed in a corner of the garden while "Big Jim" set out with maniacal energy to test the assembled "Sea Witch" to the point of destruction.

How "Sea Witch" survived the duel I do not know, but she was duly dismantled, re-assembled, and floated in the nearby estuary as the sun went down, the first of her type to take to the sea. Jim W. flipped a coin - my coin - for first turn at the helm. It was one of those "head, I win - tails you lose" affairs. I was still trying to work it out as Jim pocketed the coin

and took a firm grip on the tiller of this yet untamed tiger. To my surprise I was relieved. After all he had designed the damn thing, now he could bl---- well make it sail. We waited nervously for the sail to fill, and in the gathering dusk I watched for some tell-tale expression on Jim's face. "Sea Witch" suddenly surged forward, and Jim's grim look of concentration changed slowly into an ear-splitting grin. "I think we've got ourselves a sail-boat, Tom", was the magical pronouncement.

"Sea Witch" worked hard from the first day. She carried us, fishing, scuba-diving, beach swimming in all sorts of conditions. The first time that she encountered a strong breeze we were fishing off Lambay Island, and in the company of several motor cruisers we ran for shore. For my crew, Sean, it was the first time out, and in this choppy water, I feared for his unaccustomed stomach, as the wind increased. It remained, in fact, about force 5 but for the first time we experienced the sheer satisfaction of outstripping and leaving a diesel launch far behind. On a broad reach we fairly tore through the water with "roosters tails" fanning out astern, and dropping into the water a full length behind, the red sprit-sail straining like a team of horses. A gathering knot of spectators on the blustery south point also seemed to be getting their money's worth. When we reached the channel, Sean, his beaming face glistening with spray, shouted, through the wind noise, "Let's do it again", and so at that moment a sailor was born. One compensation for madness is the pleasure of sharing it, so I gibed her round and we fetched back out through the pass in the sand bar. About a mile outside we met two diesel launches, and it is note-worthy that neither skipper proffered the usual cheery wave.

I never quite realised, what a sadistic pleasure there is in pointing the nose of a small sail-boat out to a choppy sea when the "big boys" are

running for cover. Twice we made the trip of several miles out to sea and back for the sheer pleasure of careering in on a broad reach.

What intrigued me most of all, however was the unusually easy motion, both on and off the wind. In conditions where my previous 27 footer would have been alternately pointing to heaven and hell, "Sea Witch" seemed to sidle over the crests with a minimum of pitching.

I must say, I have found the sprit rig to produce great "lift" in rough water and generally satisfactory in all conditions - easily reefed, and more easily brailed. It will not point as well as the Bermudian Rig, but I put this down to the fact that I do not use a vang to control the peak of the sprit. While a larger boat could carry the extra 'depressing' effect, I feel that a small catamaran such as "Sea Witch" is better retaining the extra stability achieved by allowing the sprit to flex, and by so doing spill the gusts. In this condition we find it very difficult, if not impossible, to lift a hull - in anything under a force 6. There is nothing, of course, to prevent fitting vangs and leaving them slack in the stronger breeze - so getting the best of both worlds. To anyone building with this rig, I would recommend that he leaves plenty of "beef" at the centre of the sprit, tapering off well to each end, so as to have a spar that is both strong and flexible. It will have to work hard if it is going to do its job properly.

By the process of evolution! "Sea Witch" has sustained a series of modifications, mainly with long distance cruising in mind.

A small cabin over the centre section of each hull provides sitting headroom at a chart-table on the starboard side and a small galley on the port. No room to swing a cat, mind you, but who wants to anyway?

A PVC impregnated terylene provides a tent which gives 6'0 headroom in the centre of the bridge deck and spans the complete beam of the boat (10').

No poles are necessary, except for a spar along the ridge, one end of which is fastened to the mast and the other hoisted by the mainsail halyard. The four corners and sides are fastened by turnbuckles.

The cockpit now stretches back to the rear crossbeam and allows one to sit 'in' (rather than 'on') each hull, and to give maximum comfort to the helmsman, the tiller has been cut off short and connected up to a "joy stick" arrangement similar to the aileron control of an aeroplane. In a biting wind a canvas cover can be fastened around the opening of the cabin, and the lower end of it tucked around the helmsman's shoulders, leaving most of his body in an airtight cocoon, which can be further improved by lighting a Hurricane lamp and leaving it on the chart table.

As the "joy stick" is inside, and both sheets are lead through cam cleats on the coaming, and into the cockpit, the helmsman is probably more comfortable than possible on any other type of small boat, and yet has complete control over his little ship.

Incidentally, if any builder wishes to use the joystick arrangement it is desirable that he should be able to disconnect quickly and be able to revert to tiller steering when in a congested harbour, for the restricted travel of the joystick inside will not be enough to provide the harsh rudder that is often necessary to retain one's paintwork.

At one stage both Jan and I were inclined to be puritanical about our sailing, and "Sea Witch" never tasted the foul odour of petrol - until last July, that is - when we finally succumbed, and joined the ranks of those who spit fire and thunder. During the previous Whitsun week-end, we sailed from Malahide to Wicklow for the "booze-up" which follows the finish of the Holyhead-Wicklow race. Having passed Howth Head at approximately 14.00 hrs. we had a stiff beat against a force 4 all the way, and we congratulated

ourselves on having made good time, arriving 2 miles from Wicklow harbour at 20.30 hrs. The wind dropped, and proceeding to cook and eat a sizeable meal, we did not notice how strongly the flood tide was setting us back the way we had come. To cut a long story short we played a gaining and losing game with the wind and current for 7 hours, before struggling into harbour at 0.300 hrs. on Sunday morning.

SO - take heed - all ye puritans - 'tis not sinful, but wise, to carry a second string to your bow.

It so happened, incidentally, that the leading racing yacht, "Helen of Howth" arrived an hour or so later and encountered an almost dead calm about 400 yards outside the harbour mouth, which was the finishing line. She was a full 3 hours ahead of the next competitor but having anchored to await more wind her skipper suddenly realised that his much delayed runner up was continuing to sail steadily toward the harbour, and by the time he got under way the new arrival sailed over the finishing line a few yards ahead of him.

Have you ever seen an entire crew, stoned drunk at 0.730 hrs.?

However, it was at least a consolation to note that a £10,000 thoroughbred was equally as vulnerable to the exigencies of wind and tide as was my home-built HINA.

After 2 years of sailing "Sea Witch" up and down the Irish coast we came to the conclusion that our exploratory venture into the ways of the Polynesian was more than justified, and that the time had come to sail her to the Polynesian Mecca in the land of the Dai and the Gwen, to further our search for a dreamship.

On the morning, of Sunday 11th August, a telegram was despatched to Catamaran Rongo, Deganwy, which read "Sea Witch" sails noon today. In those few words there lurked a hidden fanfare of trumpets, the sound of which still

rang in my ears as we weighed anchor at 1300 hrs.

With light winds from the south east we made a steady 3 knots for about 3 hours, Janet in the port cockpit trying to persuade two stowaway wasps to leave ship and I, lazing at the helm, listening to Longwave Light. Our course made good was 10° to 15° North of the track required but to bring her any closer caused the sails to "pinch" the light wind. However, the breeze did freshen at 16.30 hrs. averaging for some time between Force 3 and 4 and "Sea Witch" became aquiver with a vibrant life of her own. She was making about 5 knots on the wind, sailing virtually "hands off", gurgling pleasantly at the stern posts, a sound that never fails to please me.

At around 20.30 hrs. the wind veered to the south, so we were able to point her nose dead east and at the same time the subsequent reach gave us an exhilerating 7 - 8 knots to gain as much to Eastward as possible before the strong ebb current commenced and would have to be fought all the way.

Although we anticipated passing the Welsh Skerries a fair distance to the North due to the unco-operative wind direction during the day, we found that the combination of wind direction, leeway and flood tide had set us further to North than expected, and a sighting of Skerries and the South Stack gave us a position of 12 miles NNW of Skerries at 23.30 hrs. We had covered 55 miles in 10½ hrs., mostly close on the wind, but for about 3 hours on a fast reach - averaging about 5 knots.

At this stage the wind strengthened to Force 5, gusting well into 6 at times, and at the same time veered further to S.W. With our course now set for Bull Bay, on a reach "Sea Witch" began to run wildly up into wind with the stronger gusts, so I thought it prudent to shorten canvas. The first mate's typical contempt of weather conditions was signified by an occasional snoring from the other cockpit, so turning the ship's nose to wind, I left the helm and

dropped the mainsail completely. "Sea Witch" continued on her way, under foresail alone, reaching 4 - 5 knots. And, believe me, this was quite fast enough, for the strong current was now opposing the wind, and combined with the sharp change in wind direction the seas were building up in a very confused manner. An occasional comber exploded violently under the bridge deck, and it was somewhat comforting to realise that at worst we could lose a floorboard - in my humble opinion, the greatest advantage of the polynesian catamaran.

Dawn was just breaking as we sailed into Bull Bay and dropped anchor after a wet blustery night. Erecting the deck tent without further ado we slept the long deep sleep of the just.

Awakening at 14.00 hrs., much refreshed, we found that "Sea Witch" was the subject of much interest among some of the local young folk who were idly rowing around us. When I appeared on the outer deck, a youthful voice yelled, "Wanna go ashore, mister?" followed by "Where ya' from, mister?

When I accepted his offer of a "lift" ashore, he obviously recognised my colloquial accent, and asked incredulously, "you come from Ireland in that, Mister?", presumably meaning "Sea Witch". I nodded - and still prefer to think of his awe-struck stare as one of admiration rather than suspicion of insanity.

In a quiet cafe we feasted ravenously on Cornish Pasties and crumpets and having notified the Customs Authorities of our arrival and arranging to meet their representative next morning at Deganwy, we once again boarded "Sea Witch" and set off to find the Conway River. With the wind bows on, and visibility poor, we motored along the north coast of Wales, finally arriving at Beaumaris Bay at 23.00 hrs.

We had a tussle with a mud bank at the river entrance, and I still don't know why the red flashing beacon at the entrance should be a starboard hand light, a fact of life which we learned the hard way, but we then found

ourselves in the Conway river being swept in on a fast flood tide, and subsequently dropped anchor in shallow water amongst an assortment of small craft.

Next morning, at high water, we continued the short distance up-river where in true 'Mecca' reverence, Sea Witch offered obeisance to Mother Rongo, and rubbed shoulders with her sisters Tangaroa, Tiki-roa and Whar-cat. On the high pier, the mighty TEHINI, who suffered his hand-maidens to fuss and pamper him with powder (Aerolite) and paint, looked down on our arrival with dignified curiosity.

Four days were simply not enough to talk of the sea and ships, hull-forms, and of polynesian ideas on sea-worthiness and, not least, to enjoy a hospitality which is second to none.

We liked ANUANUA - fine version of Tangaroa - built by Sailorman's 'Elija' Paterson, but somehow it failed to produce in me the increased pulse rate and other symptoms associated with the first meeting with one's dreamship. It was on the third day, however, that we saw the profile drawing of the latest addition to the Polynesian catalogue - ARIKI (chief). At first sight I knew that this 45 ft. long, lean greyhound of the ocean would be the one. I couldn't afford it, nor could I possibly find a suitable building space for a boat of that length, - but I had that feeling, that Samson must have had when he met Delilah.

Reluctantly, we bade farewell to Jim and Ruth, and Maggie and all at Catamaran Rongo on the eve of Thursday 15th. and at 6 a.m. on Friday we set sail to from whence we came, accompanied as far as the river mouth by a sister-HINA commanded by a stalwart Jean-Pierre and crewed by two potentially superb polynesian handmaidens, Leslie and Rosemarie. They actually rose at that hour for pleasure.

For most of the day we drifted lazily along the north coast of Wales in light fickle winds -- for the most part still thinking of my Delilah, though my enthusiasm suffered a certain dampening when the first mate disagreed with the selling of our house to provide the necessary funds. It was seven o'clock before we reached the Welsh Skerries. The current forecast was for force three N.E. increasing and backing to force six N.W. There was also some disturbing talk of a hurricane in Finisterre which was travelling in a northerly direction, so it seemed likely that if we didn't make the crossing right away, the further effects of this deep depression could keep us storm-bound for a week. The sky ahead was clear with the exception of a definite north-south line of cumulus on the western horizon, and this appeared to be receding towards the Irish coast. Behind us a fairly even murk was beginning to form in the East or N. East giving the impression of a warm front moving towards us, so generally speaking we appeared to be in the middle of a wedge of relatively colder air, which would probably become narrower and finally occlude, giving us perhaps 20/24 hrs. before any really strong wind.

Anyway, thus ran my reasoning as we by-passed the Skerries and set course for the Malahide estuary. The promised force 3 materialised almost immediately and remained so until dawn next morning. It was a fairly clear night and there seemed to be an unusual concentration of shipping in the Channel, so we were kept busy taking constant bearings on the look-out for a collision course.

The Rockabill and the Bailey gave us a fix at 0530 hrs. approx. 10 miles offshore and dead on course, having sailed 52 miles since 1935 hrs. the previous evening - an average of approx 5.3 knots mostly on a dead run.

At dawn (approx 0545 hrs.) the coastline was suddenly blotted out by a filthy murk, the wind direction changed abruptly to N.W. A squall first closed over Lambay Island and then descended on us like a wildcat. I found it

difficult to estimate windforce, but for about twenty minutes it must have reached the upper six to lower seven, and as coarse hailstones screamed horizontally through the rigging, I sorely envied the mate's snug shelter in the enclosed galley. As our destination now lay to windward we bore off on a starboard tack which, if the high wind were prolonged, would take us into the shelter of Howth Head. A short, steep sea built up almost immediately, and I eased off the foresheet to give Sea Witch enough positive weather helm to help me continuously luff off excess wind. I had just called on the mate's assistance for some drastic reduction of sail when the squall passed leaving a steady force 4 to 5 from the N.W. A steady beat of some four hours brought Sea Witch finally to her moorings once more, where an exhausted crew staggered ashore, home for a welcome meal, and then slept and slept and slept.

However it seems that we have indeed found our 'dreamship'. At the time of writing, half the back garden has been levelled - raspberry bushes, rhubarb and other such useless weeds have been duly disposed of, and a 48' x 12' structure has been erected and covered in polythene sheet. It has been remarked that its' A-frame shape resembles that of a church, but what more fitting birthplace of the god-like ARIKI. Apart from the fact that the car is now running on paraffin, and we have cut down on cigarettes, entertaining and toilet paper, the extra cost should not be too disastrous.

ROLL ON, LAUNCH DAY !!!

Tom Browne.

JUNK RIGS

Many polynesian catamaran builders are interested in deep-sea sailing and a surprising number of them are interested in using the junk rig. H.G.Hasler adapted the junk rig to a conventional western hull form - a folk boat - and it proved a very good rig during severe transatlantic crossings.

The junk rig can very easily be adapted for a polynesian catamaran.

The conventional junk carries two or three big sails fully battened on two or three masts, usually unstayed, though occasionally stayed masts are used. Headsails may be used on conventional junks.

For use on a polynesian catamaran a jib helps tacking, and genoa and mizzen stay-sail could be a godsend in light winds.

Stays become necessary when the masts are stepped in a tabernacle on deck.

In my opinion, running backstays should be designed so that both backstays can be tightened up when the sail is reefed by one or two battens.

The sails are held in shape by a certain number of battens, seven being most common.

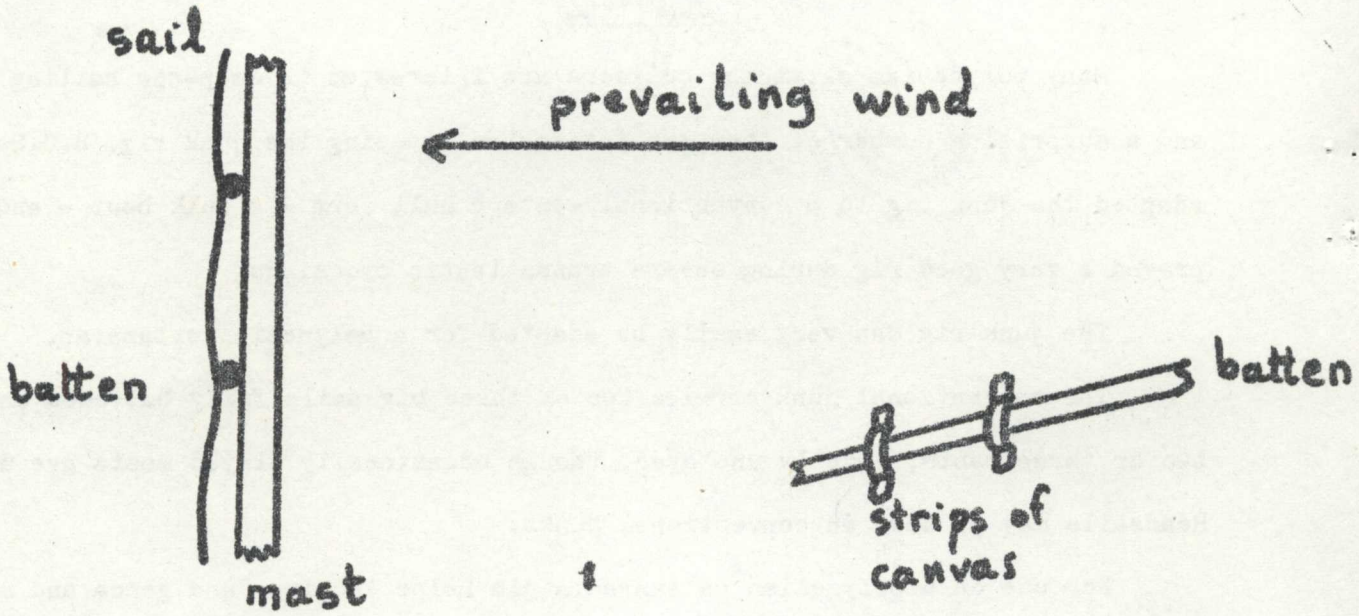
In sea-going junks the sails are carried to one side of the mast, the batten touching the mast, the lee side being most efficient and causing least chafe.

Batten pockets seem a complication to me. Why not use strips of canvas to hold the battens, sewn on each side of the sail. One can alter the batten and sail according to the prevailing winds in the intended passage. (see Fig.1.)

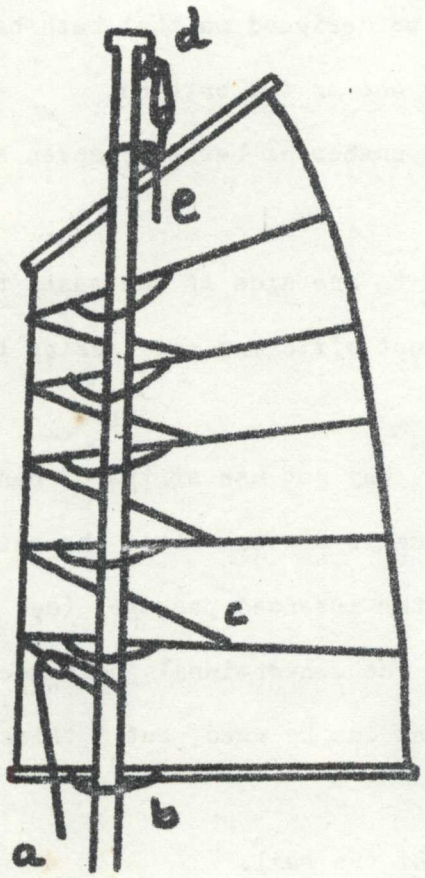
The battens can be either ash or bamboo. The conventional junks use bamboo with very little flexibility. Fibreglass battens can be used, but I think it unnecessarily expensive.

The sailcloth runs parallel to the lift of the sail.

The running rigging of the junk rig can cause a lot of headaches if you


sail
prevailing wind
batten
mast
batten
strips of canvas

1


d
e
c
a
b

2

fair lead
or
small
block

3

Sheeting is done by two distinct and different lines: a continuous leech line or sheetlets to control the shape of the sail, and the sheet itself controlling the angle of the sail into the wind. When going to windward the sail must be sheeted from a point which is located well to the windward side of the boat and therefore one needs to change the point of sheeting when going about.

Most of the junks simplify this job by using two completely different sheets on each side. In this way the windward sheet takes the strain, and going about doesn't require any sheet work except for the jib. In that case it is better to fasten the sheetlets to the batten on a point forward of the reach of the sail (about 15% of the length of the batten). This is to avoid the sheetlets and the end of the batten fouling up.

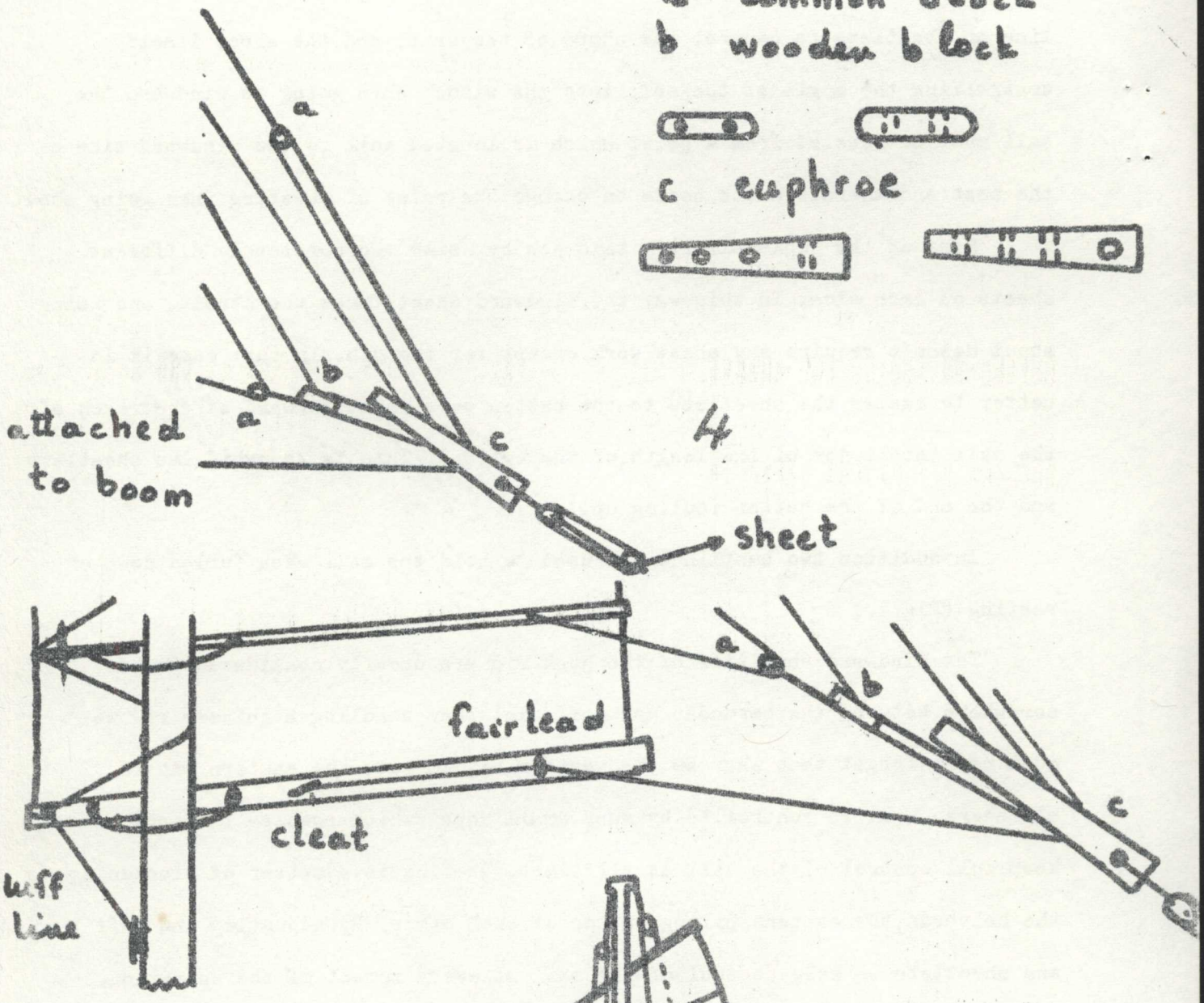
In addition two buntlines are used to hold the sail when furled down or reefing (Fig.5.)

The windward abilities of the junk rig are usually considered to be somewhere between the bermudan and gaff rig. When handling a chinese rig we must never forget that whereas the western rig is cut, the eastern rig is engineered. It is controlled by many small ropes which enables the crew to keep full control of the sail at all times. Reefing is a matter of slackening the halyards, the battens piling on top of each other. By adjusting the luff line and sheetlets we keep control of the sail at every moment of the operation.

Because of all the small ropes used to control the junk sails, the on the running rigging is less than on any western rig. It might suffer from chafe, though those who have sailed on junks claim that the chafe was less than they expected. Some useful features to avoid chafe include having plastic hose on the battens when they touch the mast, and additional pieces of canvas where the sail touches the shrouds.

a common block
b wooden block

c euphroe



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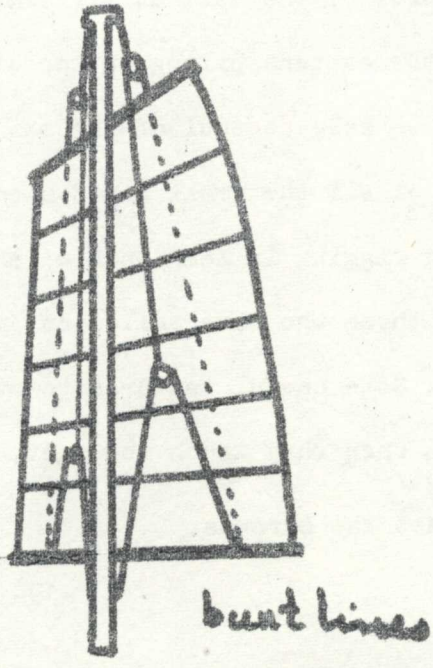


5

Once again, the complete control one has over the junk sail is the answer to the chafe.

Brian Platt, who crossed the Pacific single handed in a conventional junk, used to repair chafing damage to the canvas cement, glued on the sail, to stick on a patch. This is certainly impossible with a western sail.

With the junk sail there is no damage that the single-handed voyager cannot repair by himself, without the resources of a foundry. Take plenty of spare bamboo and ropes, and then hoist your sails for some place where life is more enjoyable.

J. P. Aubry.

Fig. 2.

(a) Inhaul control the position fore and aft of the sail.

(b) Parrels to hold the battens to the mast.

(c) Cheeks to transfer the strain from one batten to the lower one and keep the luff of the sail straight.

(d) Halyard.

(e) Roving parrel control the position of the yard fore and aft.

The type of luff line shown on Fig. 3 may replace a, c and e.

1.

Having sailed my Greek built Caique through part of the Grenadines and thence across that nasty bit of water that separates Barbados from these gems of the Caribbean, my adopted son and I found that the anchorage there at Carlisle Bay just off from the Yacht Clubs, left much to be desired. At all times due to its unprotected position heavy swells made life uncomfortable, and getting ashore was always a bit of a gamble and as exhilarating as any of the rapids on the rivers down which we used to canoe in Europe.

During the months we remained in Barbados we had ample time to carefully observe and evaluate the behaviour of the various yachts of all shapes, types and sizes, finally coming to the conclusion that the craft most suited to conditions found out here, was the Catamaran...though I would hasten to add that we claim no scientific knowledge of the matter other than that learned in the hard school of life. So it was the seed was sown.

Realising my own financial shortcomings, there followed a period known to many, when to our despair most of the craft which claimed attention proved far beyond our means, commensurate with that which we felt was necessary to provide basic living aboard in tropical waters. Finally, the Polynesian Catamaran designs by James Wharram claimed our attention and after a brief exchange of personal letters we came round to Jim's way of thinking and the functional simplicity of the craft structurally, gave every indication of the careful planning and experience in both building and sailing that enabled the designer to offer such a practical seaworthy craft, yet available to those of modest means. Accommodation in the two hulls gave rise to some doubts at first, but the thought of that immense open deck, shaded by a suitable awning gave birth to ideas favoured by the tropical breezes and slower mode of living.

Once having committed myself by disposing, relentlessly but with some obvious regrets, of my lovely Greek Caique, we moved back to Grenada and

eventually found a suitable spot among the rocks of Fontenoy, to the rear of the house situated right on the beach. The plans which ought to have arrived whilst still in Barbados, were delayed in transit and finally concluding that they had been lost, a cable to Jim back in Wales brought his swift response and kindly thought in mailing a second set which somewhat naturally, arrived together with the first...such is the way with modernity and progress!!! After this three week delay the lumber was ordered and the site prepared.

Due to the situation amid the rocks, it proved impossible to build the two hulls side by side as would have been the ideal, so instead in true tropic manner we decided to concentrate on building one hull and worry about the other when the time came. Having laid out the full size lines on sheets of plywood, we found that the blueprints were plainly clear and easy to follow and thrilled to watching the first pair of skeleton backbones emerge from our bits and pieces, once correctly joined together. They looked immense. Our lumber was supplied in boards so there was a great amount of ripping to do by hand but the shade of the coconut trees plus the drinking nuts therefrom spurred on the enthusiasm so that in a few days from the start of operations the frames and backbones had been prepared for the two hulls.

As most of the work was entirely singlehanded, apart from the assistance given by my 14 year old son, setting-up the backbones in position upside down proved quite tricky, especially as only then did we realise just how really rocky and uneven was our building ground. After a few exciting moments to the accompanying creaks and groans from myself and the hull, the still intact assembly finally came into position at the same time as realisation as to just how strong was this type of construction to have withstood the wracking and twisting we had imposed upon it. So was born an increasing faith in our designer, a faith and satisfaction that has steadily grown throughout the whole of the building programme.

Working steadily I was gratified to discover that I had completed one upside down structure complete with its sheathing of $\frac{3}{8}$" plywood in just under three weeks of very moderate tropical working days, and almost before it was realised came the time for the turning over of the first hull in readiness for the interior and decking to be applied. With great trepidation we managed to obtain the assistance of about eight locals drawn late one evening just before sundown, from the nearest rum-shop. Whether it was entirely due to the light construction or the contents within the men, everything went smoothly and easily and in less time than it takes to tell there was the first of our creations, sitting the right-way-up looking even more huge than it did upside down, and eagerly we assessed the cabin space within.

It was at about this stage that I started making enquiries concerning the provision of metal fittings clearly shown in detail on the blueprints. After a great deal of wasted time...a West Indian speciality...three weeks later these were promised by one firm, which eventually after a further three weeks decided they couldn't make the fittings. Meanwhile work was still progressing with the interior when having completed the bunk compartments and galley section, the decks were fastened down. A second firm promised the parts for the following week...and then the following week...until eventually sixteen weeks had passed and gone, then on delivery it was discovered that all the holes had been drilled either wrongly or incorrectly positioned plus the fact that the work itself was far below any acceptable standard expected of professional men. Eventually, after more delays, at a point of exasperation the parts came within some sort of acceptable standard and after argument over the astronomical bill this too was reduced to more acceptable bounds and some semblance of happiness returned all round. It HAD been intended to have the completed parts sent to Trinidad as being the nearest island equipped for galvanising but due to the long delays the fittings had to be hand-dipped in

available Synthaprufe, and much rusting problems are to be expected, but it was the best we could do.

With decking completed, it was decided to modify the structure of the cabin-top as shown on the plans, and after a number of sketches and much evening thought, we came up with what we consider to be a very suitable and attractive cabin-top, which at least to our mind adds appeal to the original design at the same time as offering full headroom in that part of the hull where it was most desirable.

Without too much difficulty, despite local doubts, we eventually managed to make a place for the second hull between the coconut trees, and almost toppling into the water the second hull was likewise assembled and sheathed in rather less than three weeks of interesting work. At this stage, long delayed, the Fibreglass Tissue and Synthaprufe came to hand. Whilst the original design called for fibreglassing of the underwater sections, this material proved hard to come by and very expensive. I recalled years ago having used SYNTHAPRUFE (or Black Sheathing) and remembering its tenacious rubbery consistency, decided to try the stuff according to instructions kindly sent by the Research Dept. of Coal Products (a Division of National Coal Board) who were most capable and honest though confessing to small experience in the marine field. With the second hull upside down, the work of coating the hull with Synthaprufe was easy enough, though difficulty was experienced in finding a suitable means of applying the sticky mixture which sets up in moments on normal brushes. Even working two brushes as instructed proved difficult but finally finding ourselves wearing an immovable pair of rubber-like gloves on each hand, we found the best way was to wear plastic gloves (or the inexhaustible plastic bag should gloves be unobtainable) and as an applicator we used cheap plastic sponges and found these ideal and disposable. We became impressed with the tenacity and nature

of this amazing stuff whenever we attempted to remove it from our hands or legs (or face and hair!) as it sets well, is tenacious either as a coating or an adhesive, and there appears to be nothing that will work on it as a solvent!! It was at this time I became more acceptable to my West Indian friends as we became truly indistinguishable.

At the time of writing with the hulls afloat everything appears very satisfactory, and with patient application it looks good and is CHEAP as well as impressive. We have a sample two pieces of wood joined with the stuff, which we use as a party-piece, by pulling relentlessly apart we watch it slowly recover to pull the pieces together again, many times over and over. The sheathing of the first hull, now right way up, fortunately proved simple enough thanks to the plastic sponge method, though our efforts to claim that black fingernails were the latest 'flower-power' craze proved as unsuccessful as our efforts to remove it, and mealtimes became a bit hazardous as one could never be certain that the knife and fork would let go at the end of the ordeal.

The second hull thus sheathed, was also turned over in its more difficult position, by yet another set of men 'press ganged' from the same rum-shop. There were less than previously and we had some doubts but it only goes to show that either the other fellows hadn't been really trying or the strength of the island rum, for no difficulties ensued. Completion of the interior and decking followed similarly, though once again we invoked some sort of licence by raising the forward hatch over the toilet compartment by lifting the decking to the same level as the bulwark, thus providing much more room and better headroom whilst attending upon a necessary daily function. In fact, this addition so lends itself to the whole structure that I wish I had thought of it early enough to have done the same with all hatches. It provides a good support for the bulwarks and probably helps to stiffen the hulls at a point

where the main forward and aft beams are anchored.

At this stage it should be mentioned that along the part of the coast where we were building, heavy swells are experienced during the months of December and January, and the rocks upon which TANGAROA was being built were reputed to be completely swept by heavy surf. On more than one occasion I found myself lying awake at night listening to the boom of the surf upon the rocks outside and noting their increasing intensity felt that it was high time to think of floating my hulls rather than let Nature do the job for me in a less kindly mood.

Fortunately, as yachtsmen still appear to be quite a race apart, the building had attracted the attentions of several enthusiasts who used to watch and admire progress on this, the second Catamaran to be built in Grenada. The designer/builder of the first Grenadian built Cat, proved one of my most frequent visitors' and together with yet another, almost unbeknown to myself, these two had organised a work party of local visiting yachtsmen.

Bright and early one Sunday morning right on schedule they began to arrive by yacht, car and afoot and as the weather had been unkind there remained much that should have been done. Being determined that my ship should not go afloat un-named I was busy at morning light despite light rains, hanging precariously over the seaward hull putting the finishing touches to the name on the side. My son meantime, kept me informed as to the progress of the yacht-party approaching, and as I feverishly painted each letter he would call out just where they were and what they were doing and by dint of painting as never before I succeeded in putting the final flourish just as the first boat arrived to spill its laughing occupants on to the beach, ready for a busy day.

As the young virile locals sat steadfastly along the beach, refusing the help they had promised to give, unless paid a truly exhorbitant sum it was

decided that we could do the job ourselves though eventually a few of the elder fishermen grew ashamed and willingly came to share the labour. So it was that men, women and children of all sizes gathered around and weaving a network of rope under the keel and supported by the ever useful Bamboo, the first of the two hulls was amazingly borne down over the rough rocks onto the sandy beach and positioned to await the next, with the eager waves rolling right under the bows as they pointed the way seawards. The second hull though positioned awkwardly was dealt with in the same efficient manner and very soon sat alongside the first to await the inevitable jiggling into position for connection of the two main beams. It had been impossible to properly fit these previously due to the position of each hull amid the trees, and much to my surprise after a few grunts and groans from all, the hulls were jockeyed into position sufficiently for the beams to drop into place.

There she sat, at last a single unit, looking for all the world like something out of ancient Polynesia amid such an appropriate setting of sun, sand and rolling ocean fringed by coconut trees...the bower of old tyres upon which she sat now thoughtfully hidden by the surge of the approaching tide. Finally after more work with the other beams, came the time for which everyone was waiting...the builder more apprehensively than the rest perhaps, and with no more than a gentle raising of the stern she slid so quietly into her element and gathering speed slipped past as I stood agog at her going, with such effortless ease and beauty. However, I was well represented for my nimble son scrambled aboard and as planned she came to a curtseying bobbing rest just behind the boat which was to tow her (ignominiously) to her place of safety in the Lagoon of St.George's Harbour. With a crowd of local youngsters gleefully occupying positions from stem to stern, and still time for a late lunch, the final episode of this splendid accomplishment was but the time it

took to cover the three miles sea journey during which she towed like the Queen her designer intended her to be. My grateful thanks could never prove adequate for all the splendid and unstinting efforts made in the face of much local difficulty, by the men, women and children to whom I was previously almost unknown, and it did much toward restoring a slightly sagging faith in the face of so much diversity so apparent in the world of today.

At present she sits, quietly but restlessly, while we complete the many jobs still to be done, and once rigged and with delivery from England of the long promised sails, we look forward to the time when we may all thrill to her response as she spreads her white wings over this azure sea, towards adventures new in this Paradise of the Caribbean. I still dream of taking her to Tahiti itself, if anything remains idyllic about that part of the world now that jet-planes and rocket bases liberally be-sprinkle a once paradise.

TANGAROA Number 56 was built in just over four months of actual working time in easy going fashion and at a lower cost than I had dared to expect, so my thanks to Jim Wharram and his staff for the production of such a worthwhile contribution to all of us impecunious but tenaciously adherent sailors .
One native youngster among the many who fell in love with the grace and beauty of her lines is now working hard and has already started the building of a 16'6" MAUI to the same basic lines, so soon we shall sail in company.

Major F. Cowing.

Jim Andrew's articles in Practical Boat Owner

Jim Andrews, in two articles in Practical Boat Owner (Dec. 68, Jan. 69) wrote about what, in his opinion, was wrong with multihulls, and came to the following conclusions.

1. They must for safety reasons be lightly loaded.
2. That bows should be full, not fine.
3. That rudders should be hung 'with their heels forward of their heads (as in Poly Cats) and not, as in so many other designs with a reverse transom stern, with their 'heads forward of their heels'.
4. That their bows should be completely non immersible, with far fuller sections above the waterline.
5. That he preferred canoe sterns to the popular transom stern.
6. That low aspect rigs are safer on catamarans.

Jim Wharram immediately wrote an URGENT WARNING to 'Practical Boat Owner' in which he stressed that polynesian catamarans should be heavily loaded for safety and not the reverse, and pointing out that many of the features thought desirable by Jim Andrews already existed in Poly Cats.

This appeared in March Practical Boat Owner, together with a reply from Jim Andrews - quote "If Mr. Wharram's designs actually <u>like</u> being heavily loaded, then he is, in that respect, apparently one up on some of his competitors. On reflection I find it interesting to note that his boats show a number of features which I estimated in my article as being desirable."

Jim Andrews subsequently visited us here on Rongo, as did Denny Desoutter, the Editor of Practical Boat Owner. We congratulate them both on coming into the 'field' as it were, and checking up on the facts. If more yachting Editors and Journalists did likewise a breath of fresh sea air would blow through the pages of the yachting press.

IROQUIS CAPSIZE

An Iroquis was taken out by the test crew of the German magazine 'De Yacht', and capsized in a force 6 on the Ysselmeer, where Mr. E. Lautier happily sails his Hina.

The damp De Yacht test crew then recommended several modifications in the IROQUOIS to make it safe.

These were -

1. A fuller bow with more overhang.
2. Hulls fuller and wider above the waterline than below, in other words a V shaped enlargement.
3. A higher bridge deck - uniting platform to Polynesian Catamaran owners.
4. A smaller and safer sail area.

Readers of March '69 Yachting Monthly can read the article on the NEW IROQUOIS MK II. Oddly enough the Mk.II contains 3 of the De Yacht recommendations No. 2. Hulls fuller and wider above the waterline than below. No. 3. A higher bridge deck. - and No. 4. a smaller and safer sail area - together with a stern warning to reef at force 5.

The Mk.II does not actually have a fuller bow with more overhang (No.1.) but having a higher freeboard, the bow of the Mk.II is higher, so that she can sustain the angle of the bow without her nose diving into the waves and tipping over as previously.

The article in 'Yachting Monthly' does not mention that the MK.II incorporates the specifications of the 'De Yacht' test crew, but merely says: "The time for any alterations in the design was appropriate last autumn because the original moulds were almost worn out, and new ones would have to be made in any case".

Cool after 4 known capsizes of the IROQUOIS MK.II. Perhaps even more

cool to the point of ice is the claim that the Mk.I was a racer/cruiser, changed, for safety reasons to the Cruiser/Racer Mk.II. All previous Iroquois advertisements have emphasised its wonderful cruising abilities, but it won races too!

THE NYLON HUNTER!

POLYNESIAN CONCEPT

by

Rudy Choy

Rudy Choy, of C.K.S. Catamarans, is highly delighted with his new design, Polynesian Concept. This 36' catamaran was first on corrected time in the Multihull Trans-Pacific race, and was second to finish, beating all previous Choy designs except the 58' seasmoke.

Builders of Polynesian catamarans will also be highly delighted by Choy's success, for since Choy began designing (about 1962) his designs have had 2 outstanding features.

1. A flat outer side to the hulls, giving the famous Assymetrical hull shape, the speciality of Choy's designs, which (according to Choy) made them superbly sea worthy and efficient to windward.
2. An inturned counter-stern with a spade rudder mounted underneath the hull.

The reason why Polynesian catamaran builders are going to be highly delighted by Choy's new design is that he has dropped his Assymetrical hull form, and adopted the symmetrical V hull form of our Polynesian catamaran designs. Presumably, after 8 years, the capsize of the Alley Cat and Golden Cockerel has shown Choy that the Assymmetrical hull form did not have sufficient reserve buoyancy above the water line.

In the Polynesian Concept, Choy's stern shape has changed to an over-hanging canoe stern with an outboard hung rudder, again similar to Polynesian catamaran designs. Presumably he found that the counter stern and inboard spade rudder was expensive to construct and liable to leaks and damage on grounding.

The most expensive catamarans in the world have so far been the C.K.S. catamarans, so from the foregoing it is now obvious that the most fashionable

hull shape in the world is that of the Polynesian catamaran. However, in the 'Multihull' feature on Polynesian concept Choy had the audacity to write: quote - "Her designers feel that the good features of Poly Con will influence the healthy development of other off-shore catamarans."

Here are 3 pointers in multihull design published in various British Yacht magazines in the last 3 or 4 months.

All the specific points mentioned - long lean hulls, ample flare and overhang, big rudders, have been in the Polynesian Catamaran designs since 1957.

Builders can flatter themselves they had the wit to spot these points in the Polynesian Catamaran designs, whereas the experts spent thousands on other multihull designs, or crossed oceans, before costly experience has shown the obvious.

The Chronicles of Anuanua (continued)

(Avid readers of 'The Sailorman' will recall previous fragments of this ancient manuscript which described the saga of Anuanua's maiden voyage and how Ken was taught the rudiments of sailing by the sage Jim. Now a further scrap of the chronicles has come to light which is here recorded)

1. The time did come when Ken was able to sail the Shippe 'Anuanua' without the guiding hand of Jim. This is but a half-truth as shall be related.
2. Upon the first day it came to pass that many visitors did come to sail in Anuanua. Some were related to Ken and some there be that he had never seen. Nevertheless they came on board two by two, male and female came they both until they did number eighteen. This did include Jim and some of his attendant maidens who did wait upon him.
3. Thus did Anuanua sail and behold, she did not seem crowded and there was great mirth on board.
4. Upon the next day did Ken determine to sail before any visitors could arrive. At cockcrow, therefore, did he unbrail his sails even before his family did bestir themselves. And the sun did shine, the water did glisten as a myriad diamonds and Anuanua did move upon the face of the waters and behold it was very good.
5. As Ken did guide his shippe towards the island of Anglesey it happened that Jim sent a great bank of fog and he did this in order than Ken might be tested. And within the fog did he cause there to be a great wind so that Anuanua did rush through the deep.
6. Now Ken had set his compass as Jim had instructed him but he did not believe the direction to be true and set his course on another line. Then did Jim see the danger although he was afar off and he caused the fog to lift. Thereupon Ken's eyes were opened and his family did send up a great cry 'land ahead'.

7. So was Anuanua saved and did continue her voyage along the coast of Anglesey and Ken did see the great mountain Snowdon and many hills.

8. Before many hours did the town of Beaumaris appear. Then was Ken overcome with fear as he thought of the many mariners in the harbour which he was approaching. So with great care he planned how he would enter the harbour so that he would not be disgraced by bad sailing.

9. So did he brail up his mainsail and his mizzensail and did gently approach with only his jibsail. He was thus able to select the place amongst many boats where he would cast down his anchor. In this manner he did not disgrace his master Jim.

10. However, no sooner had he done this than one called the Harbourmaster did tow him off to be tied to a mooring between two ships which had cost many sheckels and on whose decks were their owners waited on by many slaves.

11. Thus did Ken and his wife and his children desport themselves on the deck under the eyes of these rich men but behold they lived in a fools paradise for the knot which tied them to the mooring was a granny.

12. Then did Jim send a stiff breeze and lo, the knot did give way and Anuanua did drift down before the wind towards the lifeboat which was anchored close by. Then in high alarm did Ken fling overboard his anchor whereupon was a great disaster averted.

13. There followed many sleepless hours during which much things on the shippe did bang themselves together and the wind did whistle in the riggin and the waves did slap against the sides thereof. Then came the morning of the the third day.

14. Although at this time Ken was bog-eyed, he did decide to leave this harbour before any of the other mariners did awake. He did set his sails and did plan to drift backwards with his rudder over so as to catch the wind and

sail off. But he counted not on the swift current which ran in that place and did drift back upon the lifeboat again.

15. The hand of Jim was with him and he did miss the lifeboat by a hairsbreadth and thus saved the lives of many mariners in the days which were to come.

16. Then did the wind catch the sails of Anuanua and she did move forwards with astounding speed straight into the side of some puny vessel which had only one hull. The owner of this vessel did straightaway appear clad in pyjamas and much wrath.

17. Ken did assure him that, despite the fact that he only had one hull, behold it was undamaged and he immediately left the harbour without a backward glance. Ken's visage did have a ruddy glow which was not its wont.

18. So did Ken return in safety to the haven of Deganwy and to the cheering presence of Jim to whom he gave word of that which had come to pass. However, Ken did not tell Jim all that is recorded in these chronicles unless the wrath of Jim should be kindled against him and he cause more fog to descend upon him the next time he should do business in the great waters.

Ken Paterson.

3

ELEMENTS OF SEAWORTHINESS

Successful sea trips are made in all kinds of ships. It would be impossible to make a drawing of the ideal boat. There have been cases where only the capability of the owner and sailorman has brought the boat to safety over the ocean. Say what you will about HANNES LINDEMANN, with his folding canoe. The boat could not sink, but she might turn over and comfort was - nil.

In other cases, the building and equiping of the ship has been done with enough respect for a series of groundrules which any sea-going vessel has to conform to.

These rules can be viewed from three angles: safety, comfort and speed, in that order. If you have safety, you can do without comfort and speed and still reach the other side of the ocean alive. Hannes Lindemann did. Without safety, you cannot be sure of comfort or speed. On the other hand, with comfort and speed, safety gets an extra dimension. If the man on board has slept and fed well he will be more alert than in other circumstances.

How do we reach the maximum in safety and comfort and speed? We have to analyse these three terms a bit further.

Safety	Comfort	Speed
Strong construction & materials.	Dry cabin	Length waterline
Unsinkable	Warm cabin	Length beam ratio.
Uncapsizeable	Standing headroom	Sail area - displ. ratio
Shallow draught	Privacy	
Comfort	Good cooking	
Speed	Good navigating	
	Enclosed steering	
	Self steering	
	Easy rig	
	No rolling, sleeping in the middle.	

Each on in the given sequence.

You can give a bit in one direction, but you must know that you do so.

First, safety:- Strong construction and materials

There must be no fancy details, and it must be possible to repair any

part of the construction, and it must be nearly impossible for a part of the ship or rigging to be destroyed. There should be low rigging, with a simple mast and equipment. A small ship is relatively stronger than a large ship. It is easier to manage the smaller sail area.

Unsinkable

Choose reliable materials that will keep the boat afloat even if it fills with water. If possible there should be no ballast, watertight bulkheads, and small windows. Again, a small ship is preferable, for large boats on the whole, sink more easily and compensations have to be found for this. However, multihulls can be made unsinkable, for they need no ballast. As long as the boat is not sinking, there is hope.

Uncapsizeable

There must be enough ballast, enough beam, low rig, enough freeboard, and a low cabin, (or no cabin). The work of the designer is to find the right compromise. The keelyacht with outside ballast is absolutely uncapsizeable.

Shallow draught

A shallow draughted ship has a far greater choice of harbours and safe anchor places than a deep draughted one. Also, if the boat accidentally goes aground, it is possible to walk to the coast.

They say it is difficult to sail hard on the wind in a ship with a shallow draught, when the waves are high. I think this is a problem for the designer - though it is sensible to avoid the situation.

Comfort

The ship is always stronger than the crew - if they are well fed and have slept enough, the chances are that in a stress situation they will be able to cope. Thus a sailing boat must not be too small.

Speed

If you can reach harbour safely, fine: but if you just miss it, the w

for you. There is greater safety in a fast boat than in a slow one - so much about safety.

Dry Cabin

There should always be a place to sit dry, stand dry and sleep dry. The cabin must be proportioned so that it is not too big and not too small. There must be little opportunity for the boat to throw you from side to side.

Warm Cabin

There must be no cold and no leaks. The cabin should be as small as possible. This gives a fine contrast with the wide waters around. That is the reason we are sailing the seas.

Standing headroom

A boat which is 30' long or longer gives the best opportunities for providing ideal headroom. There should be standing headroom in at least one place.

Privacy

Every person, and each couple should have their own cabin, and there should be private rooms for children and adults. There should also be a separate toilet and washroom.

Good cooking

Under any circumstances it must be possible to prepare a hot meal. The cook must be given the best facilities. He or she should have standing headroom and a place to look out and get fresh air and sunshine.

Good navigation

Again, standing headroom is essential, as is a place to look around and take bearings and still keep the charts flat and dry. All equipment must be situated close at hand.

Enclosed steering

The helmsman must be able to stand or sit in a dry warm place, with as clear a view as possible around him.

Self-steering

Self steering gear is essential. The alternative is to be continually correcting one's course, which is tiring work. A tired man is a danger to the ship and himself.

Easy rig

It must be possible to hoist, lower, or reef the sails under any circumstances. This is not possible with todays most popular rig, the Bermudan, but the junk rig, the spritsail, the rig with the short gaff, and the other gaff rigs (in this order) are all suitable for use on board ocean-going vessels. Who likes to work in a cramped space, on a small, heaving foredeck? The working sails should be in the centre of the boat where there is plenty of space to manoeuvre. If we can design a big, open area there, partly enclosed by the cabin, all the better.

No rolling, sleeping in the middle

A beamy vessel, with shallow draught to counter the rolling is ideal. The idea arises - does not the design of a catamaran fulfil these requirements, and all those mentioned above? And now, speed:-

Length waterline

I will give no formulas, I will just say that if a boat is four times as long as another one, she can sail about twice as fast. That goes for monohulls creating a lot of waves. If the boat can be narrow and still be comfortable, we can be happy.

Length-beam ratio

Again, a narrow ship will be a fast ship. This principle cannot be taken too far on a monohull, which requires a lot of ballast. It will not surprise you that a catamaran, on the other hand, gives the best of both worlds. Double the accommodation and wide deckroom.

Sail area - displacement ratio

The bigger the sail area, the quicker a boat reaches her maximum speed. If we can find a load carrying boat that is still relatively light so much the better. A narrow boat has a higher maximum speed, so she can use less sail and still be a fast boat.

Conclusions

Safety - No ship without ballast is uncapsizeable, but nearly all ships with ballast sink when full of water.

Unballasted ships must be sailed with sense as must all ships. When you choose a capsizeable ship you must decide whether to use a lot of sail and be alert all the time, or to be less ambitious, sail with safety, and enjoy yourselves.

A catamaran, and to a certain extent a trimaran too, give the most of all the requirements.

A good construction must be found by trial and error using a sound design. When joined flexibly, with simple fittings, control is easy, a great deal of the shocks and surprise winds can be absorbed, and the stability margin is not quickly reached.

Comfort - no boat smaller than about 30' can give the comfort a multihull of the same length can afford.

Speed - no vessel gives the speed a multihull can reach, without cramping accommodation - unless we consider very long and expensive boats.

Apart from elements of seaworthiness there is one subject people don't

like to discuss - I mean the price of a boat.

If one can find a boat design providing accommodation for four people, standing headroom in the galley and the chartroom, a walking area of about 13 sq. yards, a draught of not more than 2 feet, and a loading capacity of about one and a half tons, let him say so. I am thinking of my own 'Tangaroa'. I think a Wharram catamaran is the answer for someone willing and able to spend £800 and two years home-building.

by N. D. Boon.

Tehini worker Mac Sutherland pours areolite into 'squeezy' bottles e.g. old Fairy Liquid containers, and then 'squeezes' out the correct amount onto the wood.

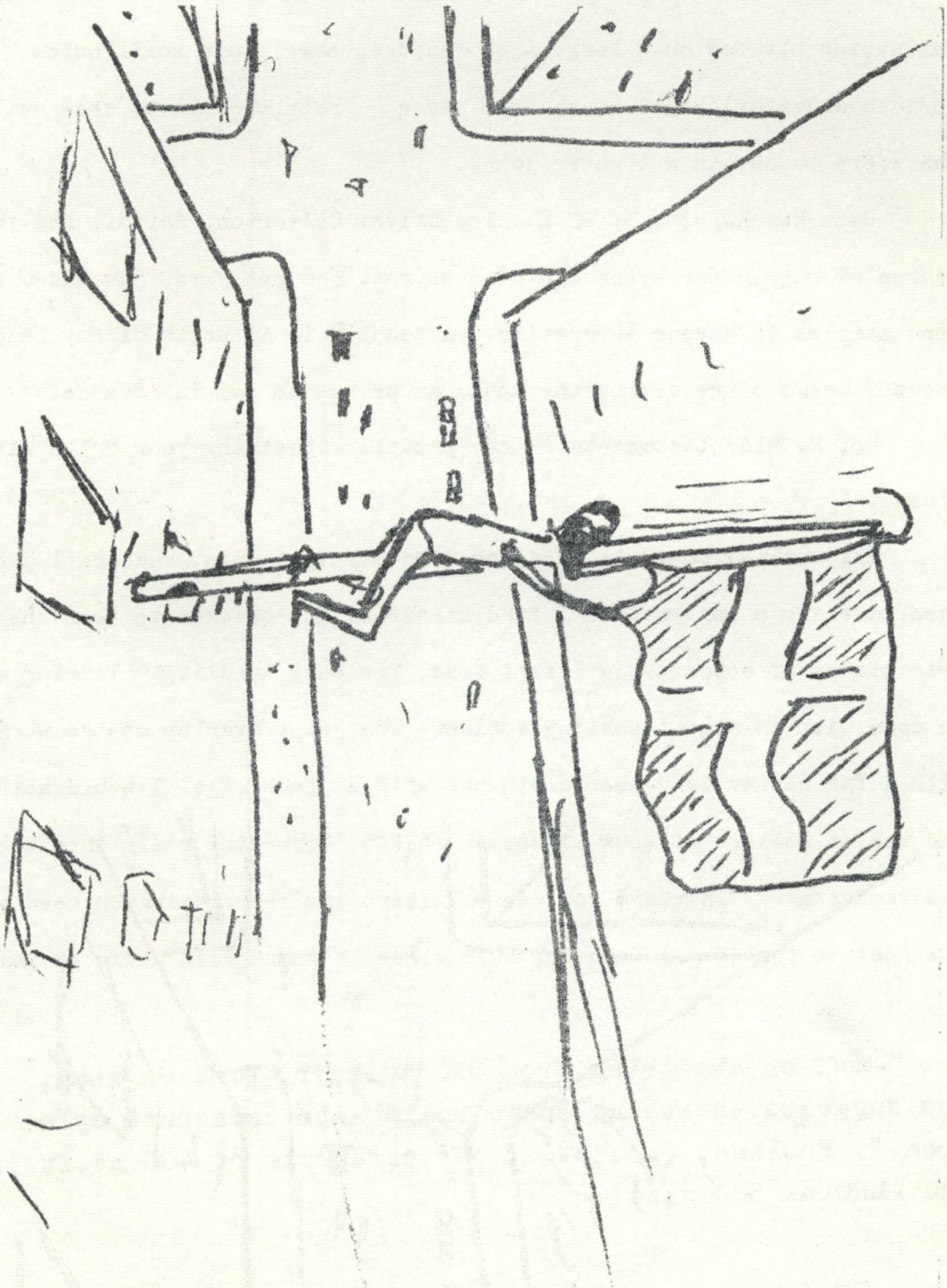
Jean-Pierre Aubry, another Tehini worker, has noticed that when laminating plywood on a large area (rudder, skeg) some small holes (3/16th diameter) bored in the top piece help the air to ease out and therefore to obtain a tighter join..

Hans Meinharott, of 20 Bucklee Drive, Calverton, Notts., has found a source of supply for Nylon cloth at approx. 5/6 per yard, 54" wide, and can send samples to anyone interested, and supply it in rolls of any length within about 2 weeks of receiving the cash, as he has to pay in advance.

Mr. B. Rident comments on the article "Sheathing your Hulls with Glass Cloth".

The cutting board is fine for dead straight ends, and small jobs, but when covering a larger area I find it easier and quicker to tear the cloth into pieces of approx. 4 - 5 feet long, for easy handling. Tearing should be done with an almost peeling action. The joint overlap can be worked flat with a far better bond than cloth cut with a clean edge. I would also advise the use of rollers (if not already used) to 'work' the resin into the glass and remove air. The more you use a roller, the less resin you need apply. Use Acetone for normal washing, burn clean if resin goes "off" on you.

HINT on sheathing from ORO builder, P.H. Garnham, who suggests sheathing one's hulls with parachute nylon from T. Foulkes, (£3.15.0d. per parachute of 400 sq.ft.), and AERODUX 500 glue.



WHAT'S IN A NAME? - THREE UPMANSHIP

The name in question was Kamikaza - the Japanese suicide pilot. The boat was a 14' Sharktrimaran with an appearance and performance distinctly aero-nautical, the owner having an attitude too reminiscent of the Samurai for his own health. The boat was bought on the spur of the moment, since I had the plans of a Solo which I started to build in the Medway boat yard where I was working, but the plans of men went astray as is their want, leaving me still determined to own a boat when my summer vacation started. I tried to buy a Solo, but couldn't find one at a reasonable price - then I saw the tri.

I arrived at Whitstable in a friend's car, feeling on top of the world and ready for the fray, arriving straight from the college end of term. The boat was on the beach, but minus all the gear. This arrived eventually and I then had hours to wait for the tide, sewing reef points on the sail and trying to pack all my gear under the diminutive cockpit. With this weight it was almost impossible to move the boat, but with some help I got afloat. The wind was 4-5 and only half the sail hoisted. Ignition, lift off and we were reaching escape velocity, solid water flying up and back, the boat leaping over, through, in and out of the chop on the Swale. All too soon we had hit the other side but the boat refused to stop, slithering and sliding over the salting until I could almost step onto dry land. I pitched camp feeling very smug and deciding which records to break.

The next morning I was away by 7, reaching quietly through the smooth water in the lee of Sheppey. Things soon livened up when I hit the open estuary and found waves large enough to throw the boat around. I was soon out of the shipping lane and heading for what I imagined to be Southend. (It is rather like crossing a main road in the rush hour). All the navigation had been supposedly committeed to memory since there was no

obvious way of stopping the boat and keeping the chart dry. I eased off up the Swim but much against my better judgment decided to cut the corner and headed across the Foulness sands.

Although a mile off shore I could see the firing emplacements on shore clearly, and then found to my horror a line of posts ahead, I crossed fingers as I shot through the gap about 10 yds. wide. I know what a submerged post can do - I sank on two years before (much to the annoyance of the gunners.)

Now I found myself running out of water as the tide retreats many miles here - I headed for the channel with the shore only a thin line. I passed the Foulness beacon and wreck in about 6 inches of water. To coin a phrase, the boat was becoming sluggish - I also had the suspicion that it was too low in the water. When I hardened up to enter the Crouch I found the boat refused to point, so I bore away and went through the Spitway, which meant that I was heading for Clacton until I turned clear of the Buxey sand to beat up the Mallet.

It was 13 miles to Mersea as the crow flies but the boat grew more reluctant and the steering more difficult as we slammed the waves caused by wind against tide. At each crest the boat drove the float well under, in the trough I luffed hard and slid inboard to balance the boat. The shock cord had gone on the sliding seat and I was regretting the lack of toe holds. I was beginning to ache with the effort after two hours of this - Mersea seemed fixed on the horizon, all I could watch was the float as it dived and surfaced for all the world like a dolphin (though I've never seen one).

By the time I entered the blackwater my subconscious fears were getting the upper hand - anyway it was pretty obvious that the bow was almost submerged, and when it refused to tack I beached the boat to'investigate.'

Under the hatch the boat was awash. All my gear was swimming - money,

passport, wireless and razor which I needed for the RORC race the day after. I bailed out and pushed off but was back two minutes later with the bow almost disappearing under water. Everything awash again - so I tried to stow it above the water, but the only course was to dump it all on the beach and portage it up to my friend's house, about a mile further on. Dragging the boat, half submerged was an effort to say the least, then ferrying the gear along to the garden which backs onto the beach. Another 2 hours and I had finished and could sit and contemplate as the boat bumped at the water's edge and the breakers receded.

On rhumb lines I had sailed 45 (probably 50 through the water) with 13 on the wind. The 6 hours sailing stretched back endlessly to a distant optimism.

This was the end of a beautiful relationship. When the boat had drained out I rolled it over and found a hole I could put my fingers through. The bilges were so weak that I finally had to strip the whole of the bottom. After much delay, two offshore races and 4 days work it was rebuilt. My second day sailing showed again what the boat could do - we overtook Tina closehauled on a beat out to sea then ran up the river at well over 10 knots, with the pilot hanging on for grim death. Driving the bow under and filling the cockpit like a bath tub. The boat still leaked slightly, but I happily left it in the garden when I sailed with the family to the Baltic.

When I returned the mast had broken in half.

With Andrew for moral assistance I left for a last trip wondering what else the boat had in store. We sailed round to the Colne, the mast showing a distinct (trendy) bend to windward and leeward.

Leaving it at Cox's yard solved the immediate problem, deserted - [illegible] soon found a new buyer, over the phone from Cornwall. I hope he changed the name.

Peter Marsh.

STOP

M. O. C. R. A.

As a result of the response to a questionnaire, circulated last year to a cross section of owners and crew of multihull cruisers capable of sailing offshore, and also kindly published in various sailing periodicals, it has been decided that the time is now ripe for the formation of an association which will be called the Multihull Offshore Cruising and Racing Association.

One of the first steps taken by this Association will be to seek the recognition and approval of the Royal Yachting Association.

It is not the intention to form a yacht club and by common consent there will be no flag officers and the Association will attempt to have the minimum regulation necessary to avoid anarchy. The yearly subscription will be £2. 0. 0. and it is intended from the funds to provide amongst other things a free "bun-feast" every year which will probably be held in central London at the time of the Boat Show and to which the attendance of the maximum number of members will be encouraged. The unavoidable organisation of the Association will be in the hands of not more than six keen trustees from amongst whom will be found three sailing secretaries living near and primarily responsible for the South Coast, the North West Coast and the East Coast respectively and a general secretary and treasurer in London.

This Association will not be for owners only;it is not even restricted to people who have actually crewed a multihull in offshore conditions, any interested person is welcome. It is planned to hold the foundation meeting on Friday, 11th April 1969 in London. It was felt that this would be the most convenient place for the greatest number. It will, however, entail quite an effort for some. Please do make every effort to come as it is very important to hear everyone's view before the matter is finalised. The meeting itself will start at 20.00 hours but there will be drinking activities from 19.00 hours

until 22.00 hours. The meeting will be held at the Little Ship Club, Bell Wharf Lane, Upper Thames Street by kind permission of that Club.

A street plan has been drawn up for those not familiar with the Little Ship Club. Either the Mansion House or Cannon Street both on the Circle and District Lines of the Underground are the easiest way to travel. There is also plenty of space for car parking.

There will be a modest amount of free liquid refreshment after which further drink and sandwiches can be bought.

MULTIHULL OFFSHORE CRUISING & RACING ASSOCIATION

OBJECTS:

a. To encourage and foster the growth and sailing of seaworthy multihull cruisers.

b. To encourage and help the design and development of seaworthy multihull cruisers and all forms of equipment connected therewith.

c. To promote good relations with yacht and sailing clubs and with other yachtsmen and seafarers generally and with other authorities connected with the water.

d. To ensure the dissemination of accurate information concerning multihull cruisers to the general public.

e. To protect the interests of multihull cruiser owners.

f. To assist and encourage multihull cruising and to help owners on all matters pertaining to navigation and seamanship.

g. To encourage and organise multihull cruiser racing throughout the British Isles and adjacent waters.

h. To promote meetings and the exchange of ideas between persons interested or potentially interested in multihull cruisers.

i. To liaise with other National Multihull Associations.

Minutes of the Annual Meeting of the Polynesian Catamaran Association

It was held on Saturday, January 4th at the Shaftesbury Hotel commencing at 8.00 p.m. There were approximately 60 members present and unfortunately our Chairman Mr. J. Cork wasn't able to be there so Mr.D.Eury was nominated acting Chairman.

A report on the past years activities was given by last year's secretary Miss Veronica Twiste. The Financial Report was given by the Treasurer, Mr. Nigel Halford. Both were duly accepted.

The committee for 1969 was nominated and elected. The new committee is as follows:-

CHAIRMAN: MR. J. CORK, 140 Somerset Rd., Southall, Middlesex.
(in his absence thus pending his acceptance)
proposed by; D. Walker. Seconded by; B. Lacock. Vote; unanimous.

SECRETARY: MRS. P. STEWART, 55 Seal Rd., Bramhall, Cheshire
proposed by; N. MacDowell. Vote; unanimous.

TREASURER: MR. I. STEWART, 55 Seal Rd., Bramhall, Cheshire.
proposed by; N. MacDowell. Vote: unanimous.

EDITOR: MISS L SCRUTTON, c/o Rongo, Poste Restante, Deganwy, N.Wales.
proposed by; J. Wharram. Vote; unanimous.

COMMITTEE: MR. B. LACOCK, 'Eagles', East Road, West Mersey, Colchester.
volunteer
MR. K. WAITES, The Mariners Shop, High St., Aldeburgh, Suffolk.
volunteer

The next on the agenda was to discuss details of a rally. After lengthy discussion the members decided that a rally will be held at Whitsun at East or West Mersey (Thames Estuary). It was left to the committee to organize any further details.

Following this, a lengthy discussion was held on the subject of

general insurance for Poly. Cats. No final conclusion was arrived at but it was felt that Lloyds and other large companies if approached in the right manner would most probably handle this. However, the final accumulation of details was left to the committee. This would include the results of a survey of 14 insurance companies in Southampton and area, by an Assoc. member (name and address unknown in time for publication) to whom we are indebted for his notable efforts.

A motion was tabled to keep the subscriptions to 10/-, however an amendment was tabled by Mr. D. Walker and seconded by Mr. Foore to raise it to a guinea. After lengthy discussions a vote was taken. There were 4 in favour, the rest against a guinea. The original motion was voted on and passed with 4 against. The subscription stays at 10/-. The committee however were given the right to raise the sub or levy an extra charge per copy of 'Sailorman', should the treasurer advise the committee that this is necessary.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the acting chairman and existing committee, after deciding the next meeting would be held on the first Saturday of the Boat Show, that is January 3rd. 1970.

P. Stewart.

JIMS COLUMN.

The SAILORMAN is now under a new editor, the last one, Miss Twist, having resigned to go on a round the world trip aboard her own ORO. If the editors of the other yacht magazines occasionally took a Deep Ocean trip aboard a multihull the layout and style of these magazines would be different. The new editor, Miss Scrutton, has been firmly told that though she may spend the summer cruising on TEHINI, she is not on the TEHINI round-the-world trip, though the assistant editor is.

Lesley, let's drop this Miss Scrutton formality, can only turn out as good a magazine as there is material available. The material is there. 465 builders scattered all over the world can, if they send in information, build up the SAILORMAN into not just a family magazine, but an internationally accepted magazine on what, why, how, is happening in the multihull world.

The news in the British multihull world at the moment, is bright. The dead hand of the R.Y.A. Catamaran Committee has been loosened. In fact, the R.Y.A. Catamaran Committee is no more!

Things like the R.Y.A. Catamaran Committee are far away from most of our builders, but for a while it did seem as if they would be the authorative body speaking on behalf of all multihull owners, and when government legislation comes, (as it will) on offshore sailing boats, an unsympathetic body would have been speaking for 'Polynesian Catamarans'.

In its place, a new organisation has been formed - the "Multihull Offshore Cruising Racing Association", whose aims are given below. John Cork, chairman of the 'Polynesian

Catamaran Association, attended the meeting on behalf of the Association, and so did I. Judging by the response at the first meeting, M.O.C.R.A. will represent not just the interests of those who walk into a showroom, put down £4,000-£5000, (or more) for a commercially built catamaran, but also, us, who walk into the back garden, and build our own boat for a tenth of the sum.

The argument has been that the man with a large sum of money to put down on a commercially built boat is more responsible than the man who builds his own boat. I don't agree with this as this type usually has his boat insured in any case and is protected. None the less, I appeal to all builders to put their all, their very best, into the construction of their design, and when beginning to sail to take care until one has full knowledge of the abilities of the boat. A few badly built boats getting into difficulties, and we all suffer.

J. CORTSEN

ADVERTS

Mt. C. T. Howse, «Barford» Wanson Mouth, Poundstock, Bude, Cornwall ., is unable to go forward with the construction of his Tangaroa and is selling his timber for £260 - value of the timber is £385. His phone number is Widmouth Bay 410.

Mac Sutherland. Poste Restante Deganwy, N. Wales., wants to sell his nearly completed, beautifully built Hina.

REMINDER.

Will all members who have not yet sent in their 10/-. subscription, please forward to:

Mrs. Pat Stewart, (Secretary.)
55 Seal Rd.,
BRAMHALL,
CHESHIRE,
ENGLAND.

We need your subscription to keep "The Sailorman", and the "Polynesian Catamaran Association" going, and hope you think this issue is worth it !

PLEA TO MEMBERS

This issue of The Sailorman cost us £36 ! Would any member in Britain with a duplicater offer to print it FREE of charge,(paper supplied), otherwise we shall be forced to increase subscription...